

52 T-J. Tuesday

My darling

Any time you come you know it will be more than happiness to see you. I've no engagements, & if I had any would put them off. But consider, honey — wouldn't you let me come down to you instead, & you may snore in bed & let me chatter to you about life in the tropics or any such subject, & you should cut my hair & lots of little moles would be born. You must be so tired now — so terribly tired after this strain. And I'm at your beck & call as you know.

Or perhaps, with your invariable modesty, you don't know.

But I do adore you — every part of you from heel to hair. Never will you shake me off, try as you may. Lord — how I wish we were so constituted that

We could help each other. But there you are, quite alone.
& I can't do anything.

Perhaps being loved by Virginia is any good,
She does do that; & always well. -
Please believe it - And rest, & be careful -
Don't write letters.

Virginia

NYPL

N. NICOLSON 7/73